Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intentiõ, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse *Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

Exit Falstaffe, and the Boy.

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,

And theres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then.

Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall *Nym* troope on.

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Quickly, *and* Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.
And is this Letter from sir *Yon*, about Misteris *Anne*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him: I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so:
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands,
Or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

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